



TALES OF MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION!

10c
No. 11

ERIE

A-2,27





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EERIE!



**HALF OF THIS
THING OF
HORROR
WAS MAN-- BUT
THE OTHER HALF WAS
GHASTLY DEATH!
IT STRUCK AT
NIGHT, WHEN THE
DARKNESS COULD
HIDE THE EVIL
SHAPE OF...
"THE
ANATOMICAL
MONSTER!"**

**HE THOUGHT
THAT NO ONE
HAD SEEN HIM
KILL HIS VICTIM--
BUT A LITTLE
MAN FROM THE
SPIRIT WORLD
HAD WITNESSED
HIS BLOODY CRIME!
THE POLTERGEIST
TORTURED JOHN
DUNN UNTIL HE
MADE A MADMAN
OF...
"THE HAUNTED
MURDERER!"**

**THEY STOLE THE SACRED CEREMONIAL DANCE
OF THE VOODOO SECT OF THE DEAD
--AND TURNED IT INTO A VAUDEVILLE ACT!
THEY LAUGHED AT SUPERSTITION, UNTIL
BLACK MAGIC LED JACK AND DAISY
BLAKE TO... "THEIR CRIMSON DOOM!"**

ANATOMICAL MONSTER

IT'S JUST A PIECE OF PAPER!
HA-HA! WE'LL BURN IT!
SEND IT UP IN SMOKE! IT CAN'T
HURT US THEN! WHA...?!

TOO LATE! LOOK!
HERE IT COMES!
IT'S GOT US!
AAAAIEEEEE!

JOE KIRK WAS A MEDICAL STUDENT! HE
THOUGHT THE CHART WOULD HELP HIM
IN HIS STUDY OF HUMAN ANATOMY! HE
LAUGHED AT THE OLD MAN'S WARNING!
TOO LATE KIRK REALIZED THAT, HERE,
IMPRISONED ON THIS PIECE OF PAPER,
WAS A THING GHASTLY BEYOND ALL
IMAGINING --
THE ANATOMICAL MONSTER!

IN AN OLD ANTIQUE SHOP...

I JUST THOUGHT I'D LOOK AROUND. MIGHT PICK OUT A LITTLE PRESENT FOR MY GIRL! SHE LIKES ANTIQUES.



CAN'T SPEND VERY MUCH! YOU SEE, I'M JUST A MEDICAL STUDENT! I DON'T HAVE VERY MUCH MONEY! I'D LIKE THIS LOCKET, IF IT'S NOT TOO EXPENSIVE...

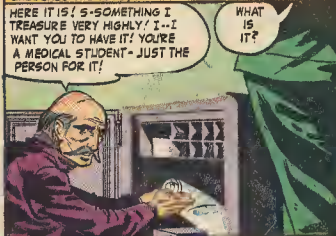
MEDICAL STUDENT? JUST A MOMENT! I'VE GOT SOMETHING ESPECIALLY SUITED FOR YOU!



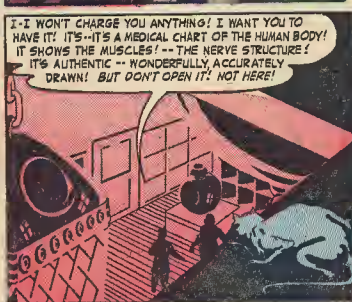
JACK KIRK WAS PUZZLED! THE OLD MAN WAS ACTING VERY QUEERLY! HIS HANDS WERE SHAKING AS HE UNLOCKED HIS SAFE, AND

HERE IT IS! S-SOMETHING I TREASURE VERY HIGHLY! I--I WANT YOU TO HAVE IT! YOU'RE A MEDICAL STUDENT - JUST THE PERSON FOR IT!

WHAT IS IT?

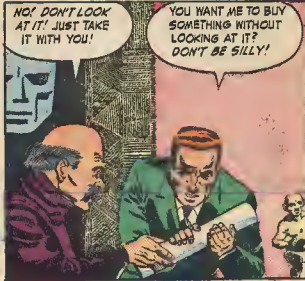


I-I WON'T CHARGE YOU ANYTHING! I WANT YOU TO HAVE IT! IT'S--IT'S A MEDICAL CHART OF THE HUMAN BODY! IT SHOWS THE MUSCLES! -- THE NERVE STRUCTURE! IT'S AUTHENTIC -- WONDERFULLY, ACCURATELY DRAWN! BUT DON'T OPEN IT! NOT HERE!



NO! DON'T LOOK AT IT! JUST TAKE IT WITH YOU!

YOU WANT ME TO BUY SOMETHING WITHOUT LOOKING AT IT? DON'T BE SILLY!

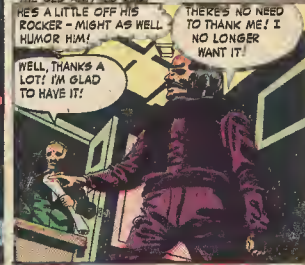


KIRK TOOK THE CHART, AND, AS HE LEFT THE OLD ANTIQUE SHOP - - -

HE'S A LITTLE OFF HIS ROCKER - MIGHT AS WELL HUMOR HIM!

THERE'S NO NEED TO THANK ME! I NO LONGER WANT IT!

WELL, THANKS A LOT! I'M GLAD TO HAVE IT!



IT'S MARVELOUS! I'LL USE IT IN CLASS!

WHERE DID YOU GET IT, JACK? IT'S THE MOST DETAILED ANATOMICAL CHART I'VE EVER SEEN!

AN OLD FELLOW IN AN ANTIQUE SHOP GAVE IT TO ME! HE'S A QUEER OLD DUCK! HE SEEMED TO WANT TO GET RID OF IT!

AND NEXT MORNING, WHEN KIRK LOOKED AT THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER....

COUPLE OF HYSTERICAL GIRLS THOUGHT THEY SAW A MONSTER! YOUNG GIRLS CAN IMAGINE ANYTHING! PROBABLY NOTHING BUT A SHADOW THAT FRIGHTENED THEM!



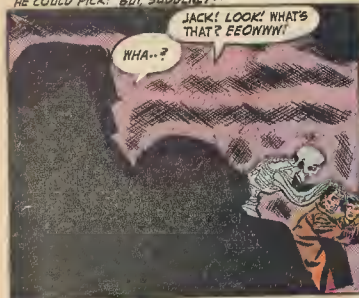
JACK KIRK NEVER THOUGHT OF HIS CHART! HE SAW NO CONNECTION! WHY SHOULD HE? BUT THAT NEXT EVENING.....

BEAUTIFUL PICTURE, WASN'T IT JACK? I LOVED IT!

SURE WAS, ALICE!



IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT, JUST MADE FOR LOVERS! KIRK WALKED HIS GIRL HOME BY THE LONEIEST ROUTE HE COULD PICK! BUT SUDDENLY...



JACK! LOOK! WHAT'S THAT? EEWNN!

WHA..?

ANOTHER YOUNG COUPLE CHANCED TO BE THERE ON THE SHADY LANE, AND IN THAT TERRIBLE MOMENT...



HELP! SAVE ME! AIIIEEE! GET AWAY, YOU MONSTER!

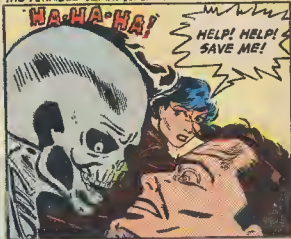
THAT'S - THAT'S THE THING THAT WAS SEEN LAST NIGHT!

JACK! JACK!

MY CHART! IT LOOKS LIKE MY CHART!



YOUNG KIRK AND ALICE FLEO! THEY DID NOT SEE THE TERRIBLE CLIMAX, THERE IN THE MOONLIT WOODS!



AT ALICE'S HOME THEY REPORTED WHAT THEY HAD SEEN! AS SOON AS HE COULD, JACK KIRK ESCAPED FROM THE TURMOIL AND LEFT THEN...

WHERE DID DR. NORTON PUT THAT CHART? IT MUST BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE! I'VE GOT TO FIND IT!



IT WAS MIDNIGHT NOW! CARRYING THE ROLLED CHART, KIRK RUSHED TO THE OLD ANTIQUE SHOP, ROUTED OUT THE PROPRIETOR, AND ...

YOU-- YOU PROMISED ME YOU'D BURN IT! YOU BROKE YOUR PROMISE!

YOU KNEW THE THING WAS DIABOLIC! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME? WHY DID YOU LET ME TAKE IT WITHOUT KNOWING?

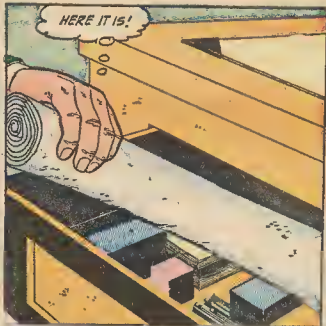


HISTERICALLY THE OLD MAN CONFESSED A GRIM AND TERRIBLE STORY! KIRK TURNED COLO WITH SHUDDERING HORROR AS HE HEARD IT!

I HAD THE DREAM WHEN I WAS YOUNG, LIKE YOU! BUT I NEEDED MONEY! I WANTED MY OWN LABORATORY! I WANTED TO GIVE ALL MY TIME TO ANATOMY!



HERE IT IS!



I COULDN'T BRING MYSELF TO DESTROY IT! I'VE BEEN A STUDENT OF ANATOMY ALL MY LIFE! THE CHART WAS MY LIFE'S WORK!



"BILL GRANT AND HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE WERE MY BEST FRIENDS! BILL WAS RICH! HE WAS A BROODING FELLOW! HE ACTED STRANGELY!"



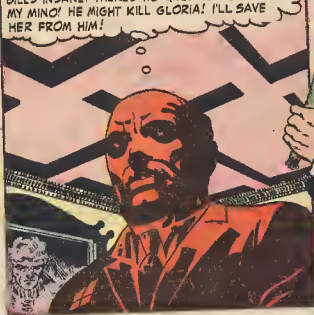
BILL CERTAINLY ACTS QUEER! AND YOU CAN'T MISS SEEING THAT GLORIA'S AFRAID OF HIM! SHE ACTS HALF SCARED TO DEATH, THE POOR KID!



"I PLANNED IT THEN! I WOULD KILL BILL GRANT! GLORIA WOULD BE RICH AND I WOULD MARRY HER! I TOLD MYSELF I HAD A GOOD EXCUSE!"

BILL'S INSANE! THERE'S NO QUESTION OF THAT IN MY MIND! HE MIGHT KILL GLORIA! I'LL SAVE HER FROM HIM!

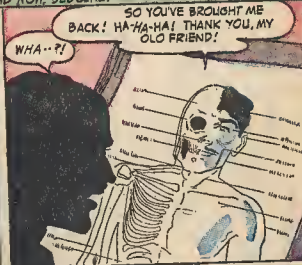
"I PLANNED IT CAREFULLY! I GOT MY CHANCE ONE NIGHT WHEN WE WERE ALONE, AND ..."



"I HADN'T REALIZED! I GUESS, SUBCONSCIOUSLY, THE MEMORY OF HIS FACE HAD ALWAYS BEEN WITH ME! AND NOW, SUDDENLY ..."

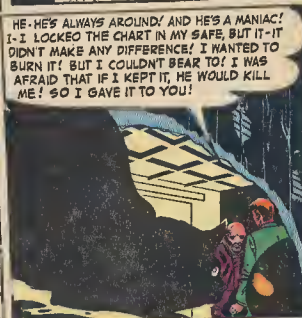
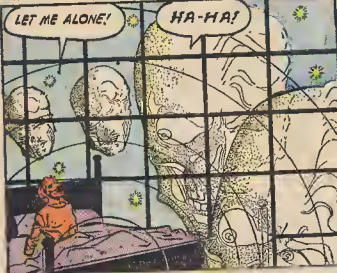
"NO ONE EVER SUSPECTED ME! POOR GLORIA DIED SOON AFTER I MARRIED HER! I WENT ON WITH MY MEDICAL STUDIES! THEN-- ONLY LAST YEAR--I WAS READY TO DRAW MY MASTER CHART! AND WHEN I HAD FINISHED IT, I SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT--"

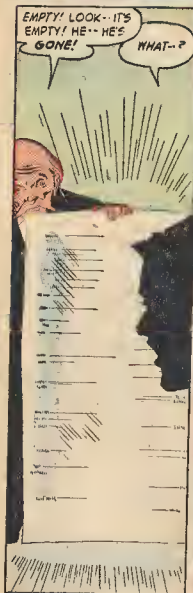
WHY-- WHY I'VE DRAWN BILL GRANT'S FACE! I THOUGHT I'D FORGOTTEN HIM YEARS AGO!



HE- HE'S ALWAYS AROUND! AND HE'S A MANIC! I- I LOCKED THE CHART IN MY SAFE, BUT IT DIDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE! I WANTED TO BURN IT! BUT I COULDN'T BEAR TO! I WAS AFRAID THAT IF I KEPT IT, HE WOULD KILL ME! SO I GAVE IT TO YOU!

"EVER SINCE THEN, THE TERRIBLE THING HAS BEEN HAUNTING ME, THREATENING ME..."





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popularize idea of volunteer Frenchmen helping Nazis fight Soviet Russia. This set (now obsolete) much sought after! FREE while supply lasts even if you decide NOT to keep Kit! So mail coupon NOW!

LITTLETON STAMP CO., Dept. AV-02

Littleton, New Hampshire

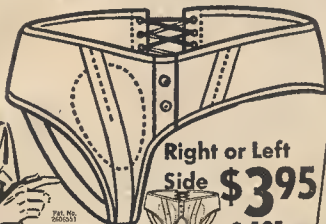
Send me, FREE, 235 foreign stamps — and a set of ANTI-COMMUNIST STAMPS, while supply lasts. Also send for 7 days' examination Complete Stamp Collector's Outfit.

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Please read my RUPTURE-EASER by return mail.

Right Side ☐ \$3.95 Measure around lowest part
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R. C. of Corvallis, Oregon, Air
Mail: "Send me another Rupture-Easer so I will have one to change off with. It is enabling me to work at top speed at my press machine 8 hrs. a day."

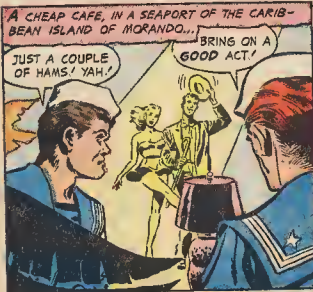
Mr. P. S. of New York City
wrote: "I find no other support as good as this. It is one of the finest things I have ever worn and has made my life worth living. It has given me untold ease and comfort."

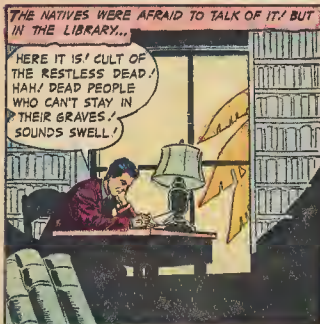
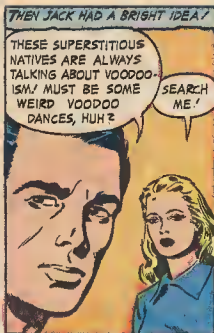
M. S. of Anderson, Ind., thanks
us and says: "It is one of the finest things I have ever worn and has made my life worth living. It has given me untold ease and comfort."

M. D. S. of Greenwich, N. Y.,
writes: "I find my Rupture-Easer the most comfortable and satisfactory of any truss I have ever worn."

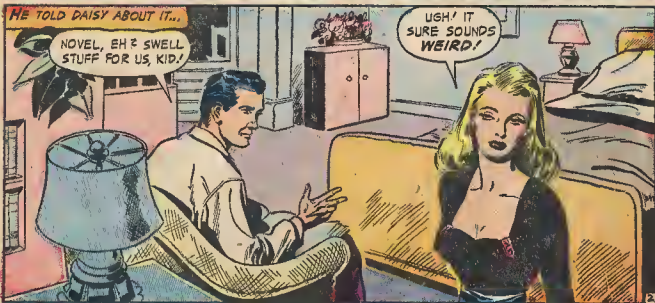
Mrs. L. H. C., Blackburn, Mo.,
writes: "The Rupture-Easer I bought from you has done so much good I couldn't forget you this Christmas season."

**THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE
FOR PROVED PERFORMANCE
ORDER TODAY!**





"AND IT IS SAID THAT PEOPLE WHO HAVE DIED BY VIOLENCE OFTEN STALK BY NIGHT IN UNHOLY RITUALS OF THE LIVING DEAD! MANY INSTANCES ARE ON RECORD WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN SEEN DANCING!"



WEIRD? SURE! BUT, LISTEN--HERE'S THE TOPPER! WE'LL BURLESQUE IT! GRUESOME STUFF! IT'LL LAND US ON BROADWAY IN A YEAR!

WELL, IF YOU THINK WE CAN PUT IT OVER, JACK...



THEY WORKED HARD ON IT! THE MANAGER OF THE LITTLE CAFE GAVE THEM ANOTHER TRY, AND...

WOW!

IT'S SURE GRUESOME!

WHAT CREEPY STUFF!



HA-HA! THAT'S THEY'RE GOOD! FUNNY!



THE NOVEL ACT WAS A BIG HIT! THE FAME OF JACK AND DAISY BLAKE SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE ISLAND! BUT ONE NIGHT...

INFIDELS! PROFANERS! WHA--Z OF THE DEAD! YOU SHALL BE PUNISHED!



THE FATE THAT WAS OURS SHALL BE YOURS! DEATH BY VIOLENCE! THE TIME WILL COME--YOU CANNOT ESCAPE IT! YOU WILL MAKE MONEY, YES! BUT IT WILL CAUSE YOU BOTH TO BE MURDERED!

OHhhh!



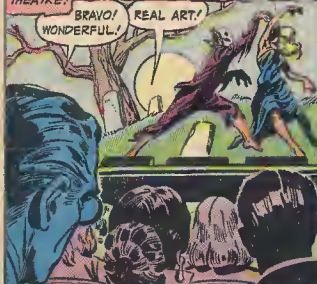
A FRIGHTENING THING! BUT THEY TRIED TO LAUGH IT OFF, AND...

I--I GUESS I'M SCARED DOING THIS!

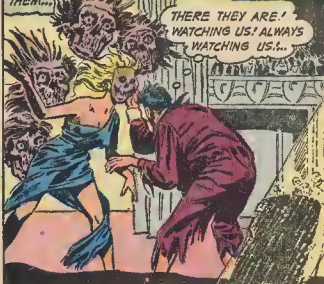
NONSENSE! HOW CAN THE DEAD HURT US? WE ONLY IMAGINED THAT WE SAW THEM, ANYWAY! WE'RE GONNA GET RICH, KID!



THE MONEY CAME IN! SOON THEY WERE APPEARING IN THE CAPITAL CITY, IN THE BIG MUNICIPAL THEATRE.



BUT ALWAYS IT SEEMED THAT THE RESTLESS, ENRAGED SPIRITS OF THE DEAD WERE WATCHING THEM...



AND SOMETIMES AT NIGHT...

SOON! YOU WILL BOTH BE MURDERED! BEWARE!



GET AWAY FROM US! LEAVE US ALONE!

THEIR TERROR GREW! WOULD SOMEBODY TRY TO KILL THEM? NOW THEY WERE SUSPICIOUS OF EVERYONE THEY MET!



WELL, HELLO THERE! CONGRATULATIONS! YOU DURE HIT THE BIG TIME!

WHAT A QUEER TOM! YEAH, LOOK HE'S WE'RE DOING ALL HE DARE-- RIGHT!

THEY LIVED LIVES OF TORTURE! ALL THEIR FOOD AND DRINK TASTED QUEER! SHADOWS ALWAYS SEEM TO BE HOLDING AN ASSASSIN!



JACK, WE'VE GOT TO GET ANOTHER ACT!

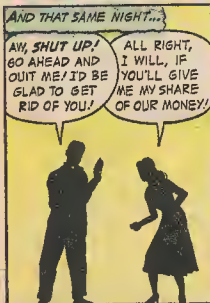
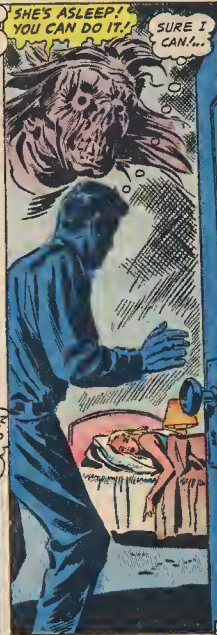
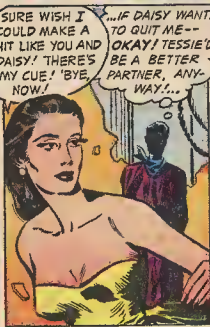
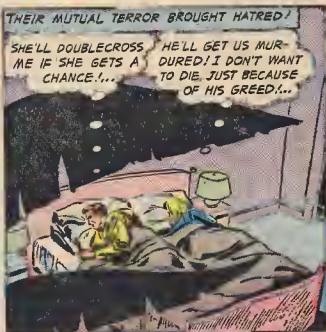
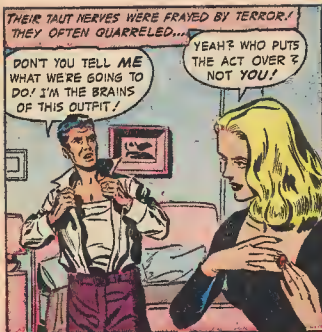
GIVE UP BIG MONEY? DON'T BE A FOOL!

YOU'RE THE FOOL! DO YOU WANT TO GET US MURDERED?



HAH! THAT STUFF'S ONLY FOR IGNORANT NATIVES!







THE MURDEROUS JACK BLAKE COULD FEEL HIS SENSES FADING! BUT STILL HE HAD THE STRENGTH TO CLING WITH HIS DEATH GRIP--UNTIL, AT LAST...



DOOMED TO BE MURDERED--AND SO THEY KILLED EACH OTHER! HA-HA-HA!



THE RESTLESS DEAD! STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN ON THE LITTLE TROPIC ISLAND OF MORANDO! THEY SAY THAT NOW, OFTEN AT NIGHT...



END

The Steps in the Cellar!

It was an old house. It was dark and gloomy. Pete Welch looked at it with foreboding. It was sort of - well, *eerie* looking, and he felt a vague sense of foreboding chill his spine as he looked into the blank, cheerless windows.

But it was the only house within miles, and probably the only deserted house in the whole countryside, and a storm was blowing up. To an old hobo like Pete Welch the only thing to do in a storm was seek shelter, and that was all there was to it. He turned his coat collar up and went into the weed-grown yard.

The door was open, which saved him the trouble of breaking a window. The hinges were rusty, and they squeaked when he swung the door ajar. There was a musty smell in the air; it struck his nostrils the moment he set foot within the place.

He laughed shortly to himself; he was letting his imagination run away with him. This

house was no different than hundreds of other houses he had grabbed a night's sleep in while "on the road."

He was hungry. Not much chance of any food being found in a deserted old shack like this one, though. A bottle, now, there was a different story. Many a time he had found an overlooked bottle of whisky or wine on a dusty shelf. He'd have a look.



It was confoundedly dark in the old house. He tried the lights, but they wouldn't work. So he lighted a match and looked about him. Rats, frightened by the yellow flickering of the match, scuttled dryly across the old floor. The room was bare. Another room showed nothing of promise. And then he entered what must have at one time been the kitchen. It, too, was bare of furnishings, but a stairwell was at one end of the room. Pete looked at the door. There seemed to be an inscription

on the door. Pete brought the match closer to the dusty old wooden panel.

*If this door you swing ajar
Your ghastly doom will not
be far!*

The match had burned too low, and it seared his fingers. He dropped it with a curse, and with shaking hands hastened to light another and hold it up to the door. But, in the light of the new match, no inscription was to be seen!

*My imagination is playing
Old Ned with me tonight, he
thought.*

He tried the door. It swung open almost before his hand touched the knob. The feeble light of the old candle was not powerful enough to pierce the gloom which lay within, but Pete could see that a flight of stone stairs led below.

*It leads to the cellar, no
doubt, he thought. That is
where I am most likely to find
wine.*

He started to descend. Before he had gone three steps the door behind him slammed shut with a bang that rang of finality. He leaped back and pushed against the door, but it held fast. "Probably a spring lock," he muttered, "although I don't remember seeing it on the door. Oh, well..." he shrugged. He'd climbed out of cellar windows before; he could again.

A cold gust of wind arose from the blackness below. It blew out the tiny flame of the match. He felt in his pocket with frantic fingers, but the pack of remaining matches was not to be found. Stumblingly, feeling the wall in front of

him, he crept down the rest of the stairs. Then, at the bottom, he cried out and flung his forearm up to cover his eyes.

For the cellar was lighted with a brightness that blinded him!

A withered old crone stood in the middle of the stone floor. Her hair was as white as wood ashes, her skin as rough and brown as the bark of a tree, and her small, blue eyes glittered like diamonds.

"What do you wish to take with you?" she said. To look at her one would have expected a croaking hoarseness akin to the raven's call, but the sound of her voice was melodious and beautiful. It stilled all the fears evoked in Pete's mind because of her sudden appearance.

"I didn't think anyone lived here," Pete said. "This your house?"

"It is part of me; my children built it. What do you wish to take with you?"

"I want some wine. Do you have any wine?"

"Alas, it is too late for that. There have been those who have said that the waters of my house were like wines. But it is too late for that."

Pete looked at her curiously. "Well, I'll be goin', then. How do you open that door up there?"

"Alas," the old crone said again. "There is no going back. There is never any going back. There is but one way out, and that way is forward." She pointed a bony finger, and for the first time Pete noticed the stairway which led into the depths of the cellar floor.

"What's down there?" he asked. "Is it another cellar? Is there an exit down there?"

But she only answered, "It is the only way out."

The calm, beautiful voice infuriated him. He struck at her roughly and she fell to her knees. Suddenly a clap of thunder shook the foundations of the old house. It was the loudest thunder that Pete had ever heard.



The storm must have started outside, he thought. Maybe I should stay here with her...

But the look in the cold blue eyes chilled and repelled him. He hurried to the stairway and started to run down the stone steps. It was an odd flight of stairs, the oddest Pete had ever seen. A weird blue glow seemed to come from the walls on either side of him; and looking up he could have sworn that overhead wheeled all the stars he had ever seen! Cold and blue, they stared down unwinkingly. They reminded him of the eyes of the old woman up above, and he ran faster.

The music started, then. He stopped running when he heard it, but then he could hear nothing. It started again when he resumed his descent, and after several trial starts and stops he determined that he could bear the weird sound only while he continued downward to what lay at the bottom of the stairs.

It was strange, that music! It was wonder and terror rolled into one stream of sound that lashed at him and curled round his throat and seemed to push at his back, hurrying him onward. It told the story of the first man he had blackjacked, the first money he had stolen, the first woman he had beaten. It told of the nights in the hobo jungles, with the fire snapping and the stars wheeling cold and blue overhead. It told of...

But the music had stopped. He had come to the bottom of the stairs. A door was there. It was a heavy stone door. It was encribed with many words, in many tongues, and embossed with pictures that Pete did not want to look at.

Pete touched the door. It opened instantly, noiselessly, as if it had done so innumerable times before.

Pete stared at the ghastly figure which beckoned him across the threshold.

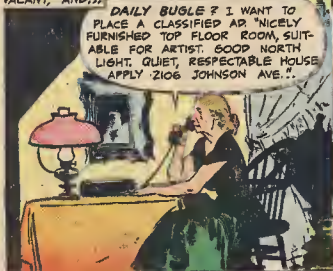
"I've been waiting for you," said Death.



The Haunted Murderer!



MRS. BLANCHARD'S ROOMING HOUSE WAS ALWAYS PRETTY WELL RENTED, BUT NOW HER ATTIC WAS VACANT, AND...

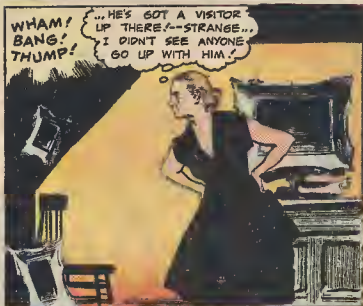
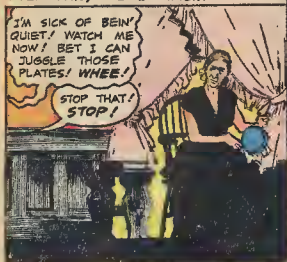


LATE THE NEXT DAY...





MRS. BLANCHARD'S NEW LODGER SEEMED
LIKE A VERY QUIET, NICE MAN--BUT AFTER
A FEW DAYS, ONE EVENING...



FINALLY THE LANDLADY WENT UPSTAIRS, AND...

BUT ONLY HER LODGER WAS THERE! AND...

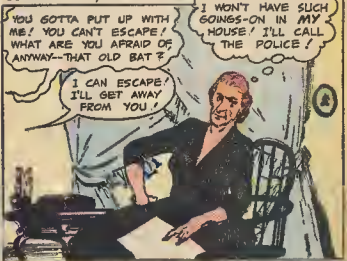


INGOSH, SHE'S AN OLD SOURPUSS, AIN'T SHE?
S-SEE WHAT I MEAN? I CAN THROW MY VOICE... CRACK JOKES!



WELL!

MRS. BLANCHARD WAS SORRY THAT SHE'D RENTED THE ATTIC TO SUCH A WEIRD LODGER! EACH DAY HE SEEMED MORE HARASSED! HE ALMOST NEVER WENT OUT! AND THEN, ONE NIGHT...



YOU GOTTA PUT UP WITH ME! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE! WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF ANYWAY--THAT OLD BAT?

I WON'T HAVE SUCH GOINGS-ON IN MY HOUSE! I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

I CAN ESCAPE! I'LL GET AWAY FROM YOU!

AS THE RUMPUS CONTINUED, SHE PHONED THE POLICE, AND WHEN THEY CAME...



SOME FUN, EH?

HE'S OFF HIS HEAD!.. STARK CRAZY!

BUMP! CRASH!

THAT WAS JOHN DUNN TORMENTED BY HIS POLTERGEIST! THE THING HAD BEGUN MONTHS PREVIOUSLY, IN A DISTANT CITY! DUNN WAS VERY PLEASED WITH HIMSELF! HE HAD JUST 'ACQUIRED' RICHES...



I'VE NO POLICE RECORD! THEY CAN'T IDENTIFY THOSE FINGERPRINTS AS MINE! I'M RICH FOR LIFE!

DUNN WAS SAFE! BUT HE COULDN'T TAKE THE LEAST CHANCE OF ANYTHING HAPPENING WHICH WOULD BRING HIM TO THE NOTICE OF THE POLICE...



IF THE POLICE EVER TOOK MY FINGERPRINTS, A CHECK WOULD REVEAL ME AS SWINBOURNE'S KILLER!

THAT WAS THE NIGHT THAT THE POLTERGEIST CAME TO DUNN! WAS IT FATE?--OR JUST COINCIDENCE? NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW! DUNN WAS IN HIS LUXURIOUS HOTEL ROOM, WHEN...



THOSE BOOKS! WHA--?!

BOOKS, POISED IN MID-AIR, HELD BY UN-SEEN HANDS! THEN, SUDDENLY...



AND THEN, ANOTHER NIGHT...



IT WENT ON LIKE THAT...UNTIL ONE NIGHT...



GRINNING, IMPISH LITTLE CREATURE OUT OF THE UNKNOWN! NO ONE HAS EVER EXPLAINED HIM! MAYBE NO ONE EVER WILL!

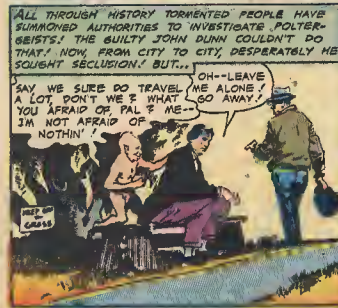
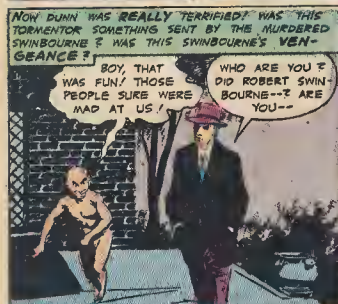


THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TORMENTED BY POLTERGEISTS! ONCE THEY GET AFTER YOU, SOMETIMES YOU CAN'T SHAKE THEM LOOSE! IT BEGAN TO TERRIFY JOHN DUNN, WHEN...



AND BEFORE THE TERRIFIED DUNN COULD STOP HER, THE ANGRY GIRL HAD CALLED A POLICEMAN...





GRADUALLY THE TORTURED DUINN HAD BROKEN. MRS. BLANCHARD DIDN'T SEE HIM THAT AFTERNOON WHEN HE WENT OUT AND CAME HOME WITH SOMETHING HE'D BOUGHT...

I'LL DO IT TONIGHT! I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE AN' THIS IS THE ONLY ESCAPE



WHAT YA GOT? ROPE? I CAN JUMP ROPE! WATCH!

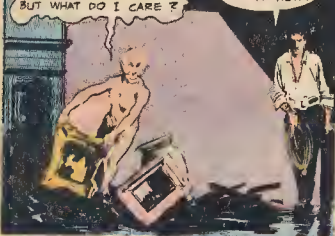
MY ESCAPE! HA, HA! NOTHING MATTERS NOW! IT'S BETTER THAN BEING CAUGHT BY THE POLICE!



AND IT WAS LATER THAT SAME NIGHT, WHEN...

LET'S GET THAT SOURPUSS LANDLADY UP HERE! HA, HA! SHE'LL BE MAD AT US-- BUT WHAT DO I CARE?

I'LL DO IT NOW! I'VE GOT TO DO IT NOW!



THAT WAS WHEN MRS. BLANCHARD PHONED FOR THE POLICE! AND WHEN THEY BROKE DOWN THE ATTIC DOOR...

BREAK IT DOWN!

LOOK!



--HANGED HIMSELF! HE'S DEAD!



FOR JUST AN INSTANT, THE STARTLED POLICEMEN SAW THE GRINNING, IMPISH LITTLE FIGURE! THEN IT FADED AND WAS GONE!--A RIDDLE OF THE UNKNOWN...

HELLO FELLOWS! YOU THINK I'D BOTHER WITH THE LIKES OF YOU? NOT ME! 'BYE, NOW!

WHA--?



GET SHOP-METHOD HOME TRAINING

for **SUCCESS** in Today's Top Industries!



SEND COUPON
TODAY
for FREE
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COMPLETE
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I GIVE YOU STANOARD PARTS! INCLUDING TUBES!

—they are yours to keep. You actually learn by doing, build generators, receivers, a big Super-Het radio. **THIS PROFESSIONAL FACTORY-MADE MULTI-TESTER IS YOURS!**



Valuable equipment every Radio-TV man needs. Yours to keep!

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Big professional-quality kit of tools of your trade—and all-metal tool box. All yours to keep —part of your course; they help make your training more practical—start you off right!



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I want to "get going"! Send me Free Book I checked and Free Sample Lesson. I understand no salesman will call.

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NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ YES! Check here if released from service less than 4 years ago.

An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT

For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's
who want to
**LOOK SLIMMER
and
FEEL YOUNGER**

DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

The CHEVALIER

**LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR
BULGING "BAY WINDOW"**

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Prevent Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in... flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

FRONT ADJUSTMENT

Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!

TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH

Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen, yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

DETACHABLE POUCH

Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!

Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on FREE TRIAL. Mail the coupon right now!



**Rear View
FITS SNUG AT
SMALL OF BACK**
Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!

FREE Extra Pouch! The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.



**POSTURE BAD?
Got a 'Bay Window'?**



**DO YOU ENVY MEN
who can
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?**



**YOU NEED A
'CHEVALIER'!**

FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!



2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined... how comfortable you feel. How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



SEND NO MONEY: JUST MAIL COUPON

RONNIE SALES, INC. Dept. 4214-S
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my FREE pouch. In 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is _____
(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name _____

Address _____

City and Zone _____ State _____

☐ Send \$5. postage. We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Same Free Trial and refund privilege.

RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. 4214-S, 487 Broadway, N. Y. 13, N. Y.

ROBOT MODEL L2--FAILURE!



HERE'S OUR OFFICIAL
REPORT ON YOUR L2, MR.
DARROW! HE'S A
COMPLETE FAILURE!

I-- I CAN'T UNDER-
STAND IT, GENERAL
BLAIR! I BUILT HIM
SO CAREFULLY!

I DIDN'T FAIL! OH, IF YOU
ONLY KNEW... I DIDN'T
FAIL!

MODEL
ALASCIA

ELTOO WAS THE FINEST MACHINE THE DARROW
ROBOT FACTORY HAD EVER PRODUCED! IN THE
MARTIAN WAR HE WAS PERSONAL BODYGUARD TO OUR
SUPREME COMMANDER, GENERAL BLAIR! ELTOO
CHANGED THE COURSE OF HISTORY! HE AVOIDED A
GREAT WORLD DISASTER! BUT THE ARMY RECORDS
DO NOT SHOW IT! THEY READ: **ROBOT MODEL
L2--FAILURE!**

IT WAS DURING THE YEARS OF THE MARTIAN WAR --
WHEN THE CONQUERING MARTIAN ARMIES HAD
OVERRUN NEARLY ALL OF SOUTH AMERICA...

I'D LIKE YOU TO BUILD ME
A ROBOT, TRAINED FOR
SENTRY DUTY, MR.
DARROW!

YES, OF COURSE!
I'LL SUBMIT
SPECIFICATIONS!



A WEEK LATER...

YOUR SPECIFICATIONS ARE
SATISFACTORY, DARROW!
HOW SOON WILL YOU
DELIVER THIS ROBOT?

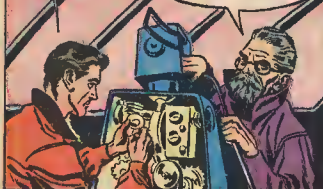
INCLUDING HIS TRAINING?
ABOUT TWO MONTHS,
GENERAL! I'LL PUT
EVERY RESOURCE AT
MY FACTORY TO WORK.



DARROW PUT ALL HIS GENIUS INTO THIS NEW TYPE ROBOT! HE CALLED IT MOEEL L2!

A WONDERFUL THING, MR. DARROW! WHY--WHY, IT WILL BE ALMOST HUMAN!

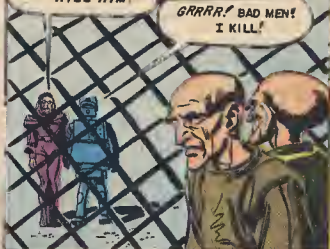
WITH THE INTELLIGENCE OF A HIGHLY TRAINED OOG! OR EVEN MORE-- I CANNOT TELL YET!



THEN MOEEL L2 WAS READY FOR TRAINING! HE WAS SHOWN THE PRISONERS OF WAR!

THESE PEOPLE ARE THE ENEMY, ELTOO! WHEN YOU MEET ONE OF THEM -- KILL HIM!

GRRRR! BAD MEN! I KILL!



THE FULLY TRAINED L2 WAS DELIVERED TO GENERAL BLAIR, AT THE HEADQUARTERS IN FLORIDA.

THIS IS YOUR COMMANDER, ELTOO! YOU TAKE ORDERS FROM HIM!

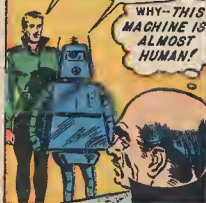
YES, SIR!



THEN L2 MET MAJOR GARONO, ONE OF GENERAL BLAIR'S ASSISTANTS! THIS IS MAJOR GARONO, ELTOO. THERE WILL BE TIMES WHEN YOU TAKE ORDERS FROM HIM.

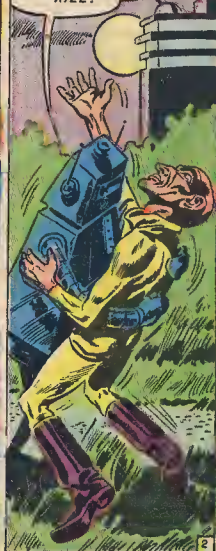
YES, SIR!

WHY--THIS MACHINE IS ALMOST HUMAN!



THE MARTIAN'S BARRAGE OF INVISIBILITY WAS SMASHED! AND...

...MUST KILL! MY ORDERS SAY--MUST KILL!



L2 BEGAN HIS SENTRY DUTY, ROVING THE ENCAMPMENT! AND ONE NIGHT...

ENEMY IS HERE! MUST FIND HIM! KILL HIM!



THERE HAD BEEN DANGER THAT SOME MARTIAN SPY-- ELECTRONICALLY INVISIBLE-- WOULD BE ABLE TO MURDER GENERAL BLAIR! AND NOW...

THIS BAD MAN! MUST KILL BAD MAN! KILL!...



HE GOT GREAT APPLAUSE! BUT THERE WAS ONE WHO WASN'T PLEASED!

YOU DID YOUR DUTY WELL, ELTOO!

THANK YOU, SIR!

HE HAS ELECTRONIC SENSES AND HE CAN BE ON DUTY 24 HOURS A DAY!

...THAT THING IS SUPERHUMAN! I'LL HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL!



GAROND MET HIS MARTIAN GO-BETWEEN, AND...

I HAD TO BE VERY CAREFUL! WE HAVE A DAMNABLE, SUPER-HUMAN MACHINE HERE!

I HAVE HEARD OF HIM!



FOR MONTHS MAJOR GAROND HAD BEEN PLOTTING TO BETRAY HIS COUNTRY!

IF MY PLANS SUCCEED, THE MARTIANS WILL TAKE OVER THE EARTH! AND THEY'LL MAKE ME THEIR EARTH PRESIDENT!



WHEN WILL YOU DELIVER THE DETAILS OF YOUR INVASION PLAN TO US? MY LEADER WISHES TO KNOW ITS EXACT DATE!

I'LL HAVE IT FOR YOU TOMORROW NIGHT!



THE INVASION DATE AND THE EXACT PLACE OF LANDING WERE A CLOSELY GUARDED EARTH SECRET! THE NEXT NIGHT...

YOU WILL TAKE OUR PLANS TO PROFESSOR EVANS, GAROND!

HA! HA! THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT I NEED...



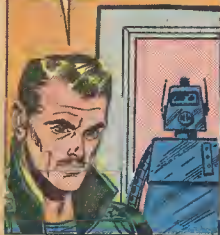
PROFESSOR EVANS' LABORATORY WAS IN THE WOODS NEARBY! HE WAS AN EXPERIMENTAL PHYSICIST WHO FOR A YEAR HAD BEEN DEVISING NEW-TYPE ATOMIC WEAPONS!

I'LL GET EVANS' LATEST FORMULAE, DELIVER THE WHOLE THING TO THE MARTIANS!



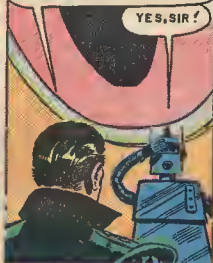
MEANWHILE, GENERAL BLAIR...

IF ANY MARTIAN SPY LOCATED GAROND, THEY WOULD KILL HIM! HE SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THE ROBOT WITH HIM!

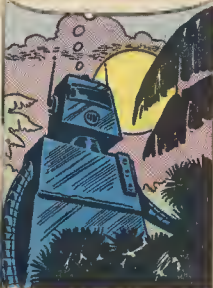


GO TO PROFESSOR EVANS' LABORATORY! MAJOR GARONO WILL BE THERE! YOU STAY BY HIM UNTIL HE RETURNS HERE!

YES, SIR!



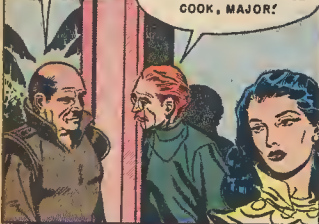
BAD MEN MAY BE HERE! MUST WATCH AND KILL BAD MEN!



AT THE SAME TIME, IN THE LITTLE COTTAGE WHERE PROFESSOR EVANS LIVED WITH HIS GRANDDAUGHTER...

I HAVE OUR INVASION PLANS TO SHOW YOU!

GOOD! BUT FIRST...MARY, WE MUST GIVE MAJOR GARONO SOME SUPPER! MARY IS A WONDERFUL COOK, MAJOR!



FOR A MOMENT, THE VILLAINOUS GARONO WAS LEFT ALONE! AND...

I'LL FIND HIS FORMULAE! THEY OUGHT TO BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!



BUT, SUDDENLY...

GAROND! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WHA--?



THOSE ARE MY PRIVATE PAPERS!
DID YOU HAVE ORDERS TO
INSPECT THEM?



WHY-WHY, I--
OF COURSE!
GENERAL BLAIR
ORDERED ME TO
BRING THEM TO
HIM!



ALL RIGHT!
I'LL ASK HIM!

OH, NO, YOU
WON'T!



A SPY! A
TRAITOR-
OUS SPY!
BUT YOU'LL
NEVER
LIVE TO
TELL IT!

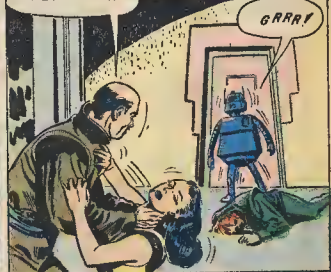


AND AT THAT INSTANT
L2 ARRIVES!

SOMETHING BAD HERE!
I MUST FIX IT! I HAVE
MY ORDERS!



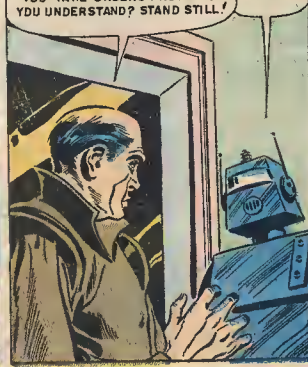
I'LL SAY I FOUND THEM BOTH DEAD, KILLED BY
MARTIAN SPIES! NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT
ME! WHA--?!



GRRR!

YOU TAKE ORDERS FROM ME,
YOU UNDERSTAND? STAND STILL!

NO! NO!



THEN THE MURDEROUS
GARONO FLED! BUT...

STOP! STAND STILL! YOU
TAKE ORDERS FROM ME!



NO! NO!

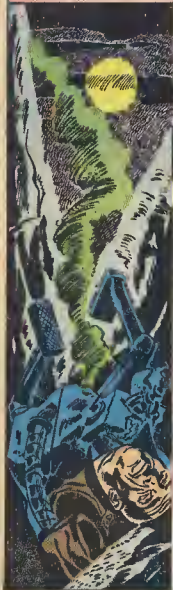
IN THE GRIP OF THE ELECTRONIC-POWERED METAL ARMS, THE MURDEROUS GAROND WAS HELPLESS...



SIMPLE THOUGHT-PROCESSES FANNED AN ELECTRONIC BRAIN! L2 COULD HAVE NO THOUGHT-REACTION OF PERSONAL DANGER! THEY TOPPLED OVER THE BRINK...



THEN DOWN ON TO THE ROCKS BELOW...



HOW COULD ANYONE EVER KNOW WHAT ACTUALLY HAD HAPPENED?

WELL, HERE'S THE ANSWER! THE ROBOT RAN AMOK! KILLED PROFESSOR EVANS AND HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER!

...GRABBED MAJOR GAROND, AN FELL OFF THE CLIFF WITH HIM!



AND WHEN DARROW, THE ROBOT'S BUILDER WAS SENT FOR...

THREE INNOCENT PEOPLE KILLED BY A MACHINE WHICH FAILED TO WORK PROPERLY!

I-I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, GENERAL BLAIR!



SURELY THERE COULD BE NO SUCH THING AS THE PHANTOM OF A SMASHED PIECE OF MACHINERY! THAT'S ABSURD, OF COURSE! BUT IF SOME...SPIRIT OF L2 COULD BE WATCHING HERE...

THERE IS NO BLAME ATTACHED TO YOU, DARROW, OF COURSE!

I'LL NEVER BUILD ANOTHER ROBOT LIKE THAT! NEVER!

NO! NO! YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING ALL WRONG! ALL WRONG.



Hi there, Pal! Win Some of these 100 Silver Anniversary Prizes!
 I just won \$100. and this 15" tall Silver Trophy
 I just won this \$1,000,000 Body and a Gold Medal!

You Can Win All These
 just as I did
 in **10**
MINUTES
 OF FUN
 A DAY!

I GAINED
60 LBS. OF HANDSOME
MUSCLES! HARD-HITTING

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
 TO GET FOR
ALL 5 10¢
 PICTURE
 PACKETS COURSE HAVE
 BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

Yes! You still
 can win \$100
 and other 25th
 Anniversary Prizes
 if you MAIL coupon
 below NOW Your suc-
 cess can soon be like
 mine A few weeks ago
 I was a skinny weakling
 like you I had no guts to
 fight for my rights TODAY
 everyone admires my champ
 movie star build My mighty
ARMS My heroic **CHEST** My
 wide manly **SHOULDER** My
 POPULARITY with boys The
 way **GIRLS** go for me—once
 so girl-shy My new prowess
 in **SPORTS** My new
 quickness in **STUDIES** My
 double energy at work

There's that
 skinny scarecrow
JOHN Let's
 pass him by!



John Sill
NOW

Which of these
2 ME'S is YOU ?

that 125 lb.—6 ft.

CHICKEN WEAKLING BELOW
CHESTED **WAS ME**
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

NO! friend you
 don't have to be
SKINNY any more.
 Just mail **NOW** the **FREE**
 coupon below as I did.
 Soon **YOU** can add
7 inches to your **CHEST**
3½ inches to **EACH**
ARM and the rest in
 proportion as I did.

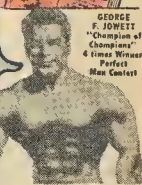


FREE

Come On, PAL
NOW YOU give me

10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
 in your OWN HOME
 and I'll give **YOU**

A NEW HE-MAN BODY for
 your OLD SKELETON FRAME
 says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
 Builder of HE-MEN.



GEORGE F. JOWETT
 "Champion of
 Champions"
 4 times Winner
 Perfect
 Man Contest

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you
 are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's
 or 30's, or over; if you're short or tall, or
 what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10**
EXCITING MINUTES in your home to **MAKE**
YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD
 I turned myself from a wreck to
 a Champion of Champions.

JOHN SILL
 was a 125 lb.
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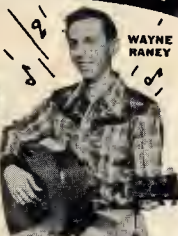
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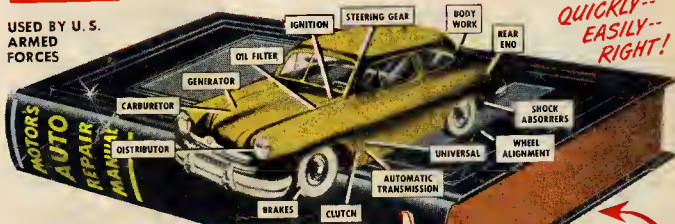
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